# THE DOOM OF VENICE

## IT MAY BE TO LIE IN THE BOSOM OF THE ADRIATIC.

**The Famous Bells of St. Mark's May Toll on Ocean's Depths Like Those of Old Port Royal—The Sunken Cities of the World.**

It is believed by many that Venice is sinking into the Adriatic and that she gradually will disappear beneath the waters of the great lagoon from which her palace crowned islands arise. Other cities have gone that way before her, and ships now sail over spots which were once teeming with a populous life.

At the entrance to the harbor of Kingston, Jamaica, the original city of Port Royal lies fathoms deep beneath the blue and sunlit waters of the Caribbean sea. A narrow strip of land, on which are a small settlement and a fort, is all that is left of what was once the richest and wickedest town in the West Indies. It was the resort of pirates, who rested there from their depredations and made the city hideous with their revelry. But these pirates brought great stores of their loot to the city, and its commerce grew and flourished. Palaces and churches were built, a pirate often striving by a rich endowment of a church to square his accounts with heaven.

Throughout the greater part of the seventeenth century no town in the western world was so magnificent as to its buildings or so luxurious as to its habits as Port Royal. Then one day in 1692 the anger of the Lord shook the island of Jamaica, and the greater part of Port Royal sank beneath the sea, carrying with it hundreds of its inhabitants. Towers, churches, palaces and forts went down, many of them not tumbling in ruins by the shock, but sinking bodily beneath the waves.

On a bright day, sailing over the spot where Port Royal once stood, one can look far down through the clear water and see the remains of the city still standing there on the ocean bottom, with fishes swimming about among its towers and great tropical seaweeds waving from its sunken walls.

The negroes of Jamaica—and some white people, too—will tell you that before a storm the sunken bell of the great cathedral which went down with the city on that awful day in 1692 can be heard distinctly tolling below the waves, rung as a warning by the ghostly hands of the spirits of departed buccaneers which haunt the submarine city. People who do not believe in ghosts, but think they have heard the tolling of the bell, say the explanation is that when the city sunk the great bell of the cathedral was not thrown from its place, but still hangs as it originally did. The coming storm before it reaches Jamaica stirs up the waters of the Caribbean and sends in upon the shore deep waves, which roll through the sunken city and set the bell a-tolling.

Another sunken city of renown is Baiae, that splendid resort on the Italian coast where Nero and Caligula "reveled and drank deep." A straggling village and heaps of marble ruins still stand upon the shore and bear the name of Baiae, but the greater part of the city lies beneath the waters of the Mediterranean, and tourists from Naples go out there to gaze down into the waters and try to catch a glimpse of the submerged city.

The resort of all the wealthy nobles of Rome when Rome was mistress of the world, Baiae was a marvel of luxurious splendor. Palace after palace was built on the shore, and architects designed magnificent structures extending out into the sea.

When Rome decayed and the Goths ravaged Italy, Baiae was sacked by the invaders. Soon after the city began to sink. First the buildings which had their foundation in the water subsided beneath the waves, and then the sea made an attack on the land. Gradually the shore line receded, and the Mediterranean flowed through the streets where Hadrian had driven his imperial chariot and Horace had walked thinking of his next poem.

These promontories, crowned with grand towers and gorgeous palaces, were undermined and toppled into the deep until at last the major part of the splendid city was submerged. Its disappearance was not sudden, like that of Port Royal, and due to some convulsion of nature, but Baiae went down to its death gradually, as Venice is said to be going.

In Holland the subsidence of the land has brought it about that many towns once populous are now covered by the sea. The old Roman camp at Brittenburg, after sinking beneath the waves, emerged again in 1520, only to disappear, and its remains now lie in deep water opposite the town of Katwijk. The original Katwijk itself now is beneath the waters, as also are the original towns of Scheveningen, Domburg and Egmond. In fact, a succession of towns bearing these names is now at the bottom of the sea, for they repeatedly have been rebuilt farther inland as the land sunk and the waves come in to take possession.

The Goodwin sands, large and dangerous shoals off the southeast coast of England, were once above the water and formed a flourishing estate, the property of Earl Godwin. There was no city on the Godwin estate when it subsided beneath the sea, but several small villages went down to the deep when the tract of country gradually disappeared beneath the waters.

There are legends which may or may not be true of lost cities sunk at the bottom of Swiss lakes.—New York Mail.

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Oblivion is the flower that grows best on graves.—George Sand.

## OCEAN WAVES.

**The Height and the Length of the Deep Water Mountains.**

How long and how high are the great waves of the ocean? The longest wave in the records of M. Bertin, a well known naval architect who has been making a careful investigation of the matter, measured 2,590 feet from crest to crest, and its "period" was twenty-three seconds. The long waves, however, are not unusually high, and in deep water the height of a wave of 2,590 feet in length would be not more than one-fiftieth of its length, or about fifty feet. Observers, particularly those who were situated on small vessels, claim to have seen waves much higher than this, but their observations are not of much value for the reason that the deck of such a vessel floats parallel to the surface of the waves instead of parallel to the plane of the horizon, and the inclination of the deck will thus give the observers an exaggerated impression of the height of an oncoming wave. Records taken where this source of error was carefully eliminated show the highest waves in open water to have measured fifty feet from trough to crest, although M. Bertin is of the opinion that in the southern seas waves of even greater height than this may occasionally be met.

As the waves enter shoal water their "period" decreases and they become higher, so that on striking a shoal a forty foot wave will climb to a height of fifty feet or more. Should it meet an obstacle that approaches the vertical it may easily be thrown up to a height of 100 feet or more, as at the celebrated Eddystone light off Plymouth, England, where solid green water has at times been known to reach a height of 100 feet.

Although the period of the longest wave may occasionally reach twenty-three seconds and its length 2,590 feet, such waves are exceedingly rare, the common length of a long wave being something over 500 feet and the period ten seconds. The average period is from six to eight seconds and the length from 160 to 320 feet. It is rarely that the height exceeds thirty-three feet.—Chicago News.

**Doctors and Medicine.**

According to a Philadelphia druggist, trade in his line is now undergoing some radical changes. "Doctors used to give their patients prescriptions for everything," he says, "and of course the druggist filled them. Nowadays, however, most doctors keep a considerable quantity of remedies in their office and give them to the patient direct. These remedies, mostly in the form of pills and powders, are of course all right in themselves, but the practice is knocking the prescription business hard. Doctors still give some prescriptions, however, and so we have to maintain a prescription department as of old, but it is getting to be a smaller and smaller part of the business. Many of the remedies given out by the doctors in this way are proprietary medicines, but as long as the patient doesn't learn the name of them he has to go back to the doctor for a fresh supply."

**A Patriot With an Appetite.**

A report recently reached Tokyo that in a village of the province of Echigo there was an old man who lived on worms picked up from the ground. The rumor reached the ears of the authorities, and a police officer was sent to the village where the strange gormand lives to investigate. He found that the rumor was true and that the man ate not only worms, but also snakes, centipeds and other insects. He reported to his superior, asking for instructions. The latter, after consulting in vain the laws of Japan for a provision forbidding the eating of insects, replied, "Schikata ga nai," which means "Nothing can be done." The old man with this rare appetite is moved, he says, by humanitarian considerations, being desirous of delivering his country from those insects by eating them. All Japan wishes him a long life and a good appetite.

**Evolution of the Horse.**

The Peabody museum at Yale is soon to place on exhibition a series of fossils upon which Professor Lull has been at work for several months. They represent a series of the changes in the evolution of the horse covering six geological periods and tracing the animal from the period when it was a foot high up to the present horse, these changes being indicated by the head, teeth and feet, the last named originally showing a three and four toed horse. The collection was originally made by Professor O. C. Marsh, who showed it to the late Professor Huxley when he came to lecture in America thirty years ago and who as a result of his investigation changed his opinion as to the origin of the horse from Europe to America. The series includes nearly a hundred specimens.

**Odd Use For Talking Machines.**

An unexpected use has been found for the talking machine in the Pacific islands. The natives have shown a reluctance to engage themselves for the Australian labor market. Some of those already employed there have been induced to speak into a recorder about the high wages they earn and the other attractions of life on the plantations. These records have been reproduced to wondering crowds of islanders with highly successful results.

**How Much Are Eggs?**

"What are eggs a dozen today?" a lady asked at the grocer's.

"Two more for 24 cents," said the grocer, "would make them 2 cents per dozen less."

"Then," said the lady, "I will take 24 cents' worth.

How many eggs did she buy?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## HINTS FOR FARMERS

**Work the Stallion.**

We believe in the working of stallions, says a horse owner and breeder in Farm Progress. We believe that nothing is worse for a breeding horse than to be cooped up in a stall and small lot for weeks and months at a time. It is far better to put the stallion to work and make him earn his oats in that manner. We have had a great deal to do with breeding horses during a quarter of a century, and we have never known working stallions to be excelled in prolificacy by idle ones.

A stallion, as a rule, makes a pleasant worker. There is no reason why a stallion should be restive or annoyingly boisterous in the harness. It is all a matter of breaking, and most stallions take kindly to the harness. We do not think there is ever any real reason why a draft stallion should not do his share of the farm work when he is not traveling. A coach or trotting bred stallion makes the finest kind of a runabout horse.

**Goat Raising.**

In view of the fact that in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1906, goat skins to the value of $31,700,000 were imported into the United States to be manufactured into shoes, gloves and other articles, the wonder is that goat production is not more generally encouraged in this great country, so available for the raising of live stock of all kinds. In 1896 the importation of goat and kid skins amounted to $10,300,000, and the importation for the last year shows an increase to three times the value in ten years. During the last ten years these importations have amounted to $240,000,000.—Nashville Banner.

**Whitewash Recipe.**

A recipe for whitewash in the poultry house that won't rub off is given by the Farmers Advocate as follows: One peck of lime slaked in boiling water and kept just covered by the water while slaking. Strain through coarse cloth. Add two quarts of fine salt dissolved in warm water, one pound of rice meal boiled in water to a thin paste, one-quarter pound of whiting and half a pound of glue dissolved in warm water. Mix all thoroughly and let stand covered for two or three days. Stir occasionally. Heat the mixture before using.

**The Hog's Quarters.**

Hogs are peculiar animals. Though they have a deeper layer of external fat on them than steers, they will shiver in the cold like a house dog. The trouble is with hogs bunching up when they sleep, they work up a first class sweat and even dampen the bedding. When they get out of the nest to feed they shiver until they get dry. To provide a place so warm that hogs will not bunch up in cold weather is almost impossible for the farmer. It is better to provide dry shelter and keep them apart, so they can't bunch up too much.

**Grain For Breeding Ewes.**

Breeding ewes should always have a little grain all winter. About half a pound of oats daily during the first part of the winter is satisfactory, and as lambing time draws near begin feeding bran, gradually increasing the amount to one pound of bran per head. This, with plenty of fodder, is sufficient for ewes weighing from 150 to 200 pounds. Corn is not satisfactory, as it produces too much fat.—American Agriculturist.

**Care of Hogs.**

Disinfectants and correctives should be kept convenient to the hog yards and houses and used whenever there appears to be occasion for them. Charcoal, ashes, copperas, and the like should be kept where the hogs may help themselves at will. Use limewater freely about the pens and houses and in the slop. It is at once a disinfectant and a deodorizer. It prevents indigestion and furnishes elements of bone growth.

**Shelter For Sheep.**

Sheep must have shelter at all times of the year, says Successful Farming. An open shed that can be shut if necessary, all but a low door, is better than a warm barn. Sheep carry their shed with them. Nothing but a cold, drenching rain or driving snow can hurt a well fleeced sheep. They will use the shed when necessary if given liberty to do so. Keep it well bedded, clean and dry.

**Scaly Leg In Fowls.**

The following remedy for scaly leg is recommended by a correspondent of the Feather: Wash the legs in warm water containing a little borax, and use a soft toothbrush to thoroughly cleanse the excoriated surface. After this dry and anoint with carbolized vaseline, repeating the treatment daily.

**Oats For Horses.**

There is no grain so safe for horse feeding as oats, the animal rarely being seriously injured if by accident or otherwise an oversupply is given. Unless the horse is hard pressed for time or has poor teeth oats should be fed whole. Musty oats should be avoided.

**Coarse Fodder For Sheep.**

For winter feeding clover hay, pea straw, corn fodder, oat hay, oat straw and millet are admirable coarse feeds. Their value, based upon palatability as indicated by the quantity eaten, is about in the order given.—American Agriculturist.

**Fattening Wethers.**

Roots and silage are about equal in value for fattening wether lambs. If any difference it is in favor of the roots.

## UNIFORM STEPS.

**With Them Many Falls Downstairs Would Be Averted.**

Falls on staircases are of rather common occurrence, especially in houses where the stairs are steep, dark or built with sharp turns. The frequent causes of serious falls have suggested that the likelihood of accident of this kind would be lessened considerably if all steps were built according to a standard of height and breadth.

A child's fall on the stairs is apt to be bad enough, and for an adult it may have serious consequences, but for an aged person the result is not unlikely to be fatal; hence it is held that the construction of staircases deserves more attention than is ordinarily paid to it.

The trouble is that stair climbing is not a natural method of progression for the human being. A child may learn to walk with ease, but it is a long time before it can ascend a stairway in an upright position without losing its balance. Stairs have been brought about by necessity, however, and the ordinary person has become so accustomed to them that he dashes up and down them without paying any more heed to his steps than if he were walking on a surface level. Motion becomes purely mechanical, without any effort of will, and the muscles of the leg automatically adjust themselves so as to lift the foot to the height of the steps on the stairway most frequently used. The stride unconsciously becomes adapted to a certain height in taking steps.

This unconscious estimate of height often is the cause of many falls. When a different stairway is used the foot is unaccustomed to the pitch, and hence a trip is likely to occur. On narrow and steep staircases there should be a hand rail on each side. The instinctive clutch following a stumble would mean the saving of many limbs and heads. But the surest way to obviate accidents would be to standardize all stairways, at least in the matter of height.—New York Press.

## FENCING OUT RATTLERS.

**A Precaution of Animals That Man Uses to Advantage.**

Did you ever hear of a rattlesnake fence—not one made of rattlesnakes, of course not, but one made of prickly thorns to protect one from the rattlers and keep them away? That is what the Arizona campers build, and the only way to keep these deadly poisoners away is by building one of these fences of oktea, a shrub covered with thorns which grows on the desert.

As the tents have no doors and are not set much above the ground, it would appear easy for Mr. Rattler to effect an entrance. Imagine the sensation of crawling into bed some cold night to strike against the clammy skin of a snake, and this is just where Mr. Snake likes to snuggle, in among the warm blankets.

To avoid this men who work in the mines have found that a snake will not go near this oktea, and they have built closely knit fences around their tents, with little gates to go in and out, and beyond this the rattler will not penetrate. It was first the Indians of the desert who discovered this deadly shrub, and they got the secret from birds and animals, which, to protect their young, travel sometimes many miles back and forth, bringing the thorns with which to cover their little nests. Gophers and other small animals there cover their nests in this manner.

It is strange that in that country, so dry and forbidding, many things grow in exuberance, and especially noticeable are the great fields of Brown Eyed Susans, the yellow daisies with the brown centers. They grow so high and wild that you can step in a field and your head will just peep over the top of the nodding sea of bright eyed faces.—Los Angeles Times.

**Boil It Down!**

It is the short piece, be it letter or editorial, that catches the reader, and correspondents who wish their letters to be read should never extend them beyond a quarter of a column, and half that length is preferable. Condensation is an art, but it can be acquired with a little practice. Never try to see how long you can make your article, but how short. Use never a superfluous sentence or word. Be as brief as an intelligible statement of the case will allow and you will have ten readers where the long winded fellow will have one.—Richmond Dispatch.

**Given Back.**

Never say of anything, "I have lost it," but, "I have given it back." Is your child dead? It has been given back. Is your wife dead? She has been given back. Is your estate taken away? Well, and is not that likewise given back? "But he who took it away is a bad man." What is it to you by whose hands he who gave it has demanded it back again? While he allows you to possess it, take care of it, but as of something not your own, as travelers do of an inn.—Epictetus.

**High Life In Gotham.**

"The way them New York folks act is dreadful curious," said my aunt Betsy. "They dew say as Mrs. Demillion is at home on a horse. I'm glad she ain't one on whom I call, for I calculate I shouldn't know exactly how tew act."—Harper's Weekly.

**The Last Course.**

"Paw, when there's a big banquet, why do they always have spoiled cheese to wind it up with?"

"Because, my son, it makes you forget the earlier courses."—Chicago Trubune.

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Bear the best humbly and the worst resignedly.—Homer.

## ROYAL MESSENGERS.

**They Carry Other Things Besides Government Dispatches.**

Very odd are some of the errands done by the royal messenger service in Great Britain. At an English seaport, for instance, a sealed packet which was being conveyed across the channel to Windsor in care of the British foreign office became accidentally unfastened in the custom house, and a quantity of cigars tumbled out. As the packet in question was invoiced as containing "important confidential government dispatches," no little amusement was caused. Nothing serious, however, came of the incident, for it is a recognized rule that "the king can do no wrong," and neither, therefore, can the king's messengers.

Besides, it is well understood that the service is maintained for other purposes than the nominal one. During the late Queen Victoria's reign these messengers used frequently to carry to the continent in sealed bags supposed to contain dispatches shirts and collars of a special make and pattern for one of the British ambassadors, hats and bonnets for her majesty's female relatives, all sorts of English knickknacks for the late Empress Frederick at Berlin and even barrels of native oysters for the embassies at Paris and Vienna.

For many years, moreover, it was the practice of the messengers to call each week on their way back to England at Brussels, where they received from the court kitchens a box of special biscuits of which Queen Victoria was very fond and which she believed nobody could make as well as the head pastry cook of King Leopold's kitchen. This box of biscuits was solemnly sealed up at the British legation with the official seal and then conveyed with infinite care to Windsor by way of Dover and London.—Chicago News.

## THE LAKE SKIPPER.

**How He Taught a Salt Water Veteran to Hustle.**

There was a salt water captain who, for reasons of his own, accepted a berth as first mate in a big passenger steamer on the great lakes. He was a capable seafaring man, but he did not know what "hustle" meant until he went aboard at Buffalo. The lake skipper to whom he reported for duty remarked in the most casual manner:

"Just give her a coat of paint this morning, and, if the sun stays hot and she dries in good shape, give her a second coat this afternoon."

The salt water mate staggered in his tracks and made amazed protest. This was a 5,000 ton vessel, and giving her two coats of paint was several days' work by his reckoning. The lake skipper was a person of discernment, wherefore he had pity on his new mate and forbore to deal harshly with him, explaining with a tolerant grin:

"All right. I suppose you'll have to learn to move lively after snoozing around salt water all your life. You just pass that order along to the bos'n and tell him it's got to be done, and then you sit up and take notice."

The bos'n took the order calmly, as if it were in the day's work, and by nightfall the big steamer was spick and span with two coats of paint from her water line to her guard rail. The sailor from deep water had learned his first lesson in the ways of the great lakes during the navigation season, when the hard driven shipping must be forced to do twelve months' work in half a year.—Ralph D. Paine in Outing Magazine.

**The Early Trusts.**

Trusts were sometimes dealt with summarily in old England. For instance, the records of the Brewers' company show that "on Monday, July 30, 1422, Robert Chichele, the mayor of London, sent for the masters and twelve of the most worthy of our company to appear at the guildhall for selling dear ale. After much dispute about the price and quantity of malt, wherein Whityngtone, the late mayor, declared that the brewers had ridden into the country and forestalled the malt, to raise its price, they were convicted in the penalty of £20 ($100), which objecting to, the masters were ordered to be kept in prison in the chamberlain's custody until they should pay it or find security for the payment thereof."

**Ancient and Modern Bathing.**

Soap is really quite a new factor in the world's life. Most of our ancestors were filthy and dissembled the fact by the use of stifling perfumes. Washing one's hands, which was only done by the very best people, meant dipping the fingers in rose water and drying them on a napkin. Even the Romans of the decadence, who were probably cleaner as a community than any before or since, bathed in water and rubbed themselves with oil. It sounds nasty to us, but then so does, for example, Chinese music, which millions of human beings think delightful.

**Jack Tar's Reply.**

A sailor was brought before a magistrate for beating his wife, when the magistrate attempted to reach his heart by asking him if he did not know that his wife was the "weakest vessel."

"If she is, she ought not to carry so much sail," replied Jack.—London Tit-Bits.

**Turn About.**

Taggs—When will you learn that razors are not things to sharpen pencils with? Mrs. Taggs—Oh, just as soon as you've learned that hairpins are not things to clean pipes with.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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A poor time to begin telling a funny story is just before dinner is announced.—Fort Smith Times.

## OLATON.

[Special to THE HERALD.]

Jan. 7.—We still have big waters.

Mr. John Cooksey has been absent from Olaton for over a week and we cannot see why, as he is one of our regular visitors.

The pound supper at Columbus Cummins' Saturday night was well attended and highly enjoyed.

Rev. F. M. Farris is on the sick list.

Mr. John Bratcher has sold his house and lot to Erastus Bratcher. John is moving on to Mr. Ed Davison's farm.

Moving seems to be epidemic in this vicinity.

Aunt Mary Felix is no better, but is gradually growing weaker. Messrs. F. L. Felix and W. D. Luce, Mrs. Felix's son and nephew, came up Friday to see her, returning Saturday night.

Mr. C. B. B. Felix went to Evansville Thursday, returning Saturday.

There will be preaching at the church here to-night and to-morrow at eleven. Preaching by Rev. Hunt, of Indiana. He is of what is called hardshell Baptist belief. We certainly have plenty of water if he should need it.

Applicants for schools are early and plentiful. We think it is wrong to contract schools until after the Institute. The 1st Monday in September is the best time for schools to begin. We would not have so many sick children from heat and the use of impure water.

Messrs. Joseph Mitchell, James Stinson, J. T. Felix and Joe Miller each lost a good horse last week. Mr. Mitchell's was the last he had. It is not known the cause of the horses death.

Mr. Sam Farrist went to Henderson Saturday.

Mr. Romney Acton, of Sulphur Springs, was in our town Sunday and failing to get train, took a tie ticket to Narrows and returned on train this morning.

# BREVITIES

## THE HALL OF FAME.

Count Fabri, who has been acting as vice consul at San Francisco for the government of Italy, has been promoted and appointed as the consul at Pittsburg.

John Leidy, a farmer living near Robinson, Kan., has installed a complete electric light plant on his place, which lights his house, barns, cow sheds, corncribs and granaries.

Adrain H. Joline, the new president of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas railroad, besides a great railroad man, has written a number of books, including "The Diversions of a Book Lover."

James Berry, the ex-hangman of England, who is conducting services at a Bedworth (Warwickshire) Baptist church, attracts the coal miners in hundreds to listen to the "convert," as he styles himself.

Living quietly in retirement in Washington in his ninety-fifth year is General Daniel H. Rucker, father-in-law of Phil Sheridan and boyhood chum of Sherman, whom more than a little in appearance he resembles.

Three brothers named King living in Bromham, Wilts, England, have won prizes in the army shooting to the value of more than $5,000. Thomas alone has won $2,000, while John and James have each represented England in international matches.

Henry A. Buchtel, the recently elected governor of Colorado, will not reside in the executive mansion, but will continue to live in his bungalow in University park, in order to be near the University of Denver, of which he will continue chancellor.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar S. Straus have taken what is said to be the finest house ever offered for rent in Washington. It is in Sixteenth street, northward from the White House, a section which many expect to become the most beautiful thoroughfare in America.

John Wesley Crockett of Arkansas, a great-grandson of Davy Crockett, hero of the Alamo, has among his cherished possessions the gold watch and the "rifle gun" of his illustrious ancestor. The rifle was the gift of 500 young Whigs, his admirers in Philadelphia.

The favorite sculptor of King Edward and Queen Alexandra is a Frenchman. It is M. d'Epinay who enjoys this valuable patronage. He first executed a bust of her then royal highness forty-two years ago, soon after her marriage, and since then he has received commissions for seven others.

From office boy to the presidency and active management of the largest aggregation of domestic steamship lines in the United States in a period of little more than thirty years is the record of Calvin Austin, who has just been elected president of the Mallory Steamship line, which makes the fourth big steamship company of which he is the head.

**The Human Head.**

An Irishman once defined the human head as "a bulbous excrescence, of special use to many as a peg for hanging a hat on, as a barber's block for supporting wigs, as a target for shooting at when rendered conspicuous by a shining helmet, as a snuffbox or a chatterbox, as a machine for fitting into a halter or guillotine, as a receptacle for freaks, fancies, follies, passions, prejudices, predilections—for anything, in short, but brains."